

Shopping with Consequences

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Shopping with Consequences

by [DrJLecter](#)

Summary

There's a certain perfume called "Alpha & Omega". Will thinks it's bullshit. Hannibal disagrees.

Notes

The words "Alpha" and "Omega" will never be the same. Whenever I see them, this is the result. You're welcome.

This can be read as a stand alone, but might make more sense if you've read all the other fics of the series :D

Betaed by the wonderful [Llewcie](#)! All remaining mistakes are my own.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will couldn't believe it when Hannibal dragged him into an ordinary supermarket. It was such a surreal experience to see him between normal aisles that Will thought he'd ended up in a parallel universe. Three piece suits didn't fit among people pushing their carts full of white bread and packed readymade food in boxes.

But apparently this was the only place to get that one ingredient that not even the gourmet shop three roads down had.

Will tried to shrink into a wall nearby while waiting for Hannibal to pick whatever he needed from here, when he smelled it.

It was faint. There was a perfume isle nearby and he could smell all the overlaying fragrances that had been tested by countless people, but there was something else there. Something that lured him in. Something subtle. Soft.

He pushed himself off the wall and wandered towards the brightly lit area. The smells got stronger and he pulled a face at some of the overwhelming ones. He wondered if that was similar to what Hannibal had to endure when they met for the first times.

He wandered through the aisles, feeling out of place between the shiny glittering bottles and packages, but the scent pulled him further and further.

Will knew he found what he was looking for when he saw the giant display.

Alpha & Omega.

A perfume that was supposed to enhance the natural scent and make you irresistible for the opposite secondary gender. Will stepped closer.

He'd seen the adverts before but never thought that there was much truth about it. He took one of the bottles marked Omega and opened it to take a whiff. It was a weak smell. Barely there. But it was a nice one, gentle and soft. He didn't think it was something special though and didn't understand the hype around it.

"It will only properly work when coming in contact with skin and scent glands."

Will almost dropped the bottle.

"Geez, warn a guy!" He turned around where Hannibal had appeared behind him, his heart thumping painfully in his chest.

Will scowled at the small smirk.

"Would you like me to show you?"

Will hesitated and eyed the testing bottles.

On the one hand he was curious, but on the other hand... there were always double meanings to what Hannibal offered and he really had no intention to become a slobbering Alpha not being in control because his Omega suddenly smelled like heaven. In the middle of a supermarket.

“Only if we try both versions.”

That made Hannibal falter and Will counted that as a win.

“I could buy them and we’ll try them at home. I’m curious myself.”

“What, no. Hannibal. These things cost a fortune and it’s ridiculous to buy two of them just to try it out!” Will put it back to the shelves and turned around to leave the store, expecting Hannibal to follow him.

“I’ll be with you in a moment, Will.”

With a noncommittal grunt, he left, hoping Hannibal would get what he needed quickly, so they could go home. It had been a long day and he needed a hot shower.

He’d all but forgotten the incident when they finally stepped into their house and Will excused himself to the bathroom.

The hot water was heaven on his tense shoulders. A day full of lectures always left him on edge and exhausted physically and mentally. He stepped out of the fogged up room to towel himself dry after what felt like hours and he finally felt refreshed.

He stopped when he found Hannibal standing in the middle of their bedroom, facing the window and showing Will his back. He was just standing there, almost rigid in his posture.

Then the smell hit him.

Will closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath. Hannibal’s scent was the same, like polished wood, old books and heavy fabrics, spicy with a touch of something fruity, but it was much stronger now, sharper and underlying was something else; a heated and potent fragrance that multiplied the intensity of his facets.

Will opened his mouth and tasted the air, tasting the scent of his Omega in all ways possible. He almost moaned.

Opening his eyes again, he found that Hannibal hadn’t moved from his spot. His head had dropped, exposing his nape, his shoulders moving with deep breaths, but otherwise he was completely still. Waiting.

Will dropped his towel to the floor, the thud echoing loudly in the silence around them.

He stepped closer, his naked feet silent on the thick carpet.

Will positioned himself directly behind Hannibal, close enough that he could feel his body heat all over his skin. Bending forward, he took another deep breath near to where Hannibal’s

scent glands were positioned behind his ears. It was almost overpowering and his blood started to sing with arousal, his pulse picking up pace.

“You bought the perfume,” he murmured softly, his lips almost touching the vulnerable nape, nose brushing the short hairs there.

It wasn't a question, so Hannibal stayed silent, but Will didn't miss the full body shiver that shook him.

Will swallowed the need to touch Hannibal, to strip him, bend him over the bed and fuck him senseless. He was almost painfully hard now and he was sure Hannibal could smell it, but Will wanted him to suffer.

Hannibal's scent was like a drug and Will felt heady with it, close to losing control. He was sure that's exactly what Hannibal was aiming for. He clenched his hands into fists.

“Why,” he whispered. This time his lips brushed feather light over heated skin and he heard Hannibal's breathing catch.

“I...,” he swallowed dry, “I wanted to see the effect for myself. How strong it would be.” His voice wasn't shaking, but there was a faint quality to it that pleased Will. He'd expected that answer.

“Is that so,” he almost purred.

Then another smell appeared in the mix and it was like a punch to the gut.

“You're already leaking,” he hissed.

Hannibal let out a soft moan.

Will walked around to his front and Hannibal looked up through his fringe, eyes dark and intense in their arousal. He lifted Hannibal's wrist and brought it to his nose, taking a deep breath, taking all of the glorious fragrance in. Listening to his instincts, he licked across the vulnerable expanse of the inner wrist with a broad sweep of his tongue, tasting sweat, pheromones and the slight bitterness of the artificial scent.

He started to worry the strong tendons and sinews with his teeth, worshipping the slender wrist, sucking marks into the skin. With his teeth he caught the bone, gently biting down. The scent of slick was thick in the air now. Overwhelming. Will knew he'd reach the end of his restraint soon.

Hannibal was panting now, short bursts of breath through his nose as he tried to keep in the sounds that wanted to break out of his throat, but Will wanted to hear him.

He pressed a last kiss to the soft skin, before he stepped in close, pressing his face into the crook of Hannibal's neck, licking over the hammering pulse.

“Strip, if you want to keep that suit intact,” he growled before giving him space to do as he'd been told.

Hannibal swallowed audibly before starting to unbutton his shirt quickly, Will's eyes raked over his form, hungry and impatient. The scents wafting through the room almost drove him insane, bad enough that he wouldn't be surprised if he fell into Rut.

Once Hannibal had stripped and stood before him, tense, aroused and covered in a sheen of sweat, Will stepped close again. He wrapped his arms around the naked body, one hand cupping the firm ass, the other up into Hannibal's hair.

He gripped the sweaty strands tight and *pulled*, stretching Hannibal's long neck before him as he pushed his hips forwards trapping their hard cocks between their bodies. Hannibal let out a moan and Will chased the vibration across the tense throat with his teeth until he found their bonding mark and bit down.

He could feel Hannibal's full body shudder everywhere and before he drew blood he stepped back and gave him a quick shove.

"Bed. Now," he ordered and his cock twitched as he watched Hannibal turn and crawl up the bed, his hips swaying until he'd reached the top where he lowered his upper body to the mattress, his head on his crossed forearms, legs spread wide and hips up. The glistening shine of slick between his ass cheeks sent a bolt of heat through his lower body.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will groaned and he gripped his leaking cock tight to get back a semblance of control.

A second later he was on the bed, pressing his face into the cleft, hands spreading the cheeks, tongue sweeping over the fluttering hole.

Hannibal's body tensed and his thighs were shaking as he gasped in shocked pleasure.

But Will had no patience for this right now, so he knelt up behind him. With his left hand he stroked down the muscled plane of Hannibal's broad back until he'd gripped his neck in a tight grip, pressing him down into the mattress.

"Is this what you wanted?" he snarled. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, you'll feel it for days."

"Yes, Will, yes, *please!*" Hannibal moaned into the pillow and tilted his hips back where Will's cock was nestled against his ass and his knot already swelling.

Without further hesitation, Will took his cock in his hand and pressed into the waiting hole in one relentless slide until his knot was pressed against the stretched soaking opening.

Both of them groaned.

Will took two, three deep breaths and then he started a punishing rhythm, chasing his own pleasure as Hannibal's hole tightened around him. His other hand took a hold on Hannibal's hip, pressing his fingers hard into the flesh around the hip bone to draw the man back into his hard thrusts.

Hannibal had started to let out small breathless moans with each push and they spurred Will into a faster and deeper rhythm, wanting to unravel the man underneath him.

“Yes, take it, come on,” he gasped, his knot now almost completely swollen and Will started to press inward. The pressure on his knot was amazing as the rim started to open wider to accommodate his girth. They’d done this before, but usually during Hannibal’s heat, when his body stretched more easily and produced more slick.

Will actually wasn’t sure he would fit and the pressure bordered on too much, but then Hannibal groaned and tilted his hips up and suddenly he was in and he was coming, his body curling over Hannibal’s back, a shout forcing itself out of his throat.

His lower body twitched with the force of his orgasm and he clawed at Hannibal’s back while he tried to catch his breath.

With slow and short thrusts he started to move his knot against Hannibal’s rim from the inside. He knew from experience that his knot sat right on his prostate and it didn’t take long before Hannibal whimpered and came with a deep shudder.

When Hannibal collapsed under him, Will followed with a laugh, spreading himself over the pliant, heated body.

His blood was still racing, carrying the last of his arousal through his body.

He nosed the sweaty nape of the man lying underneath him, realizing that the perfume seemed to have run its course. With a gentle hand, he stroked over Hannibal’s arm and side, petting him softly. Will pressed soft kisses to the bruise he’d left on their bonding mark and hummed quietly.

“What’s the verdict of your experiment?” he whispered into his ear, still slightly out of breath.

As reply Hannibal clenched his muscles and in reaction Will bucked into him, making both of them moan.

“I’d say,” Hannibal gasped, “it was a success.” He growled as Will shifted above him, pulling at his hole.

“You know,” Will started as he rolled his hips downwards, seeking more friction on his still hard cock, “You could have just asked if you needed a hard pounding instead of paying 200 dollars for this fucking perfume.”

Will could see the flush spreading over Hannibal’s cheeks before he hid his face.

“This seemed easier,” he muffled into the pillow and Will nipped at his shoulder.

“I will not think less of you just because you want to get fucked hard, you know? I thought we’ve cleared that up?” Will ran a soothing hand over Hannibal’s side before working his way under his body to pull him closer and press his chest against his back.

He began a gentle and slow rhythm, barely moving his knot, to ignite new arousal in Hannibal. A reassurance that everything was fine and he wasn’t angry at the game Hannibal had played.

With a turn of his head, Hannibal looked up and Will caught his mouth in a heated kiss, spreading his lips with his tongue, sucking on lush lips while he picked up the speed of his thrusts.

“Will...” Hannibal gasped and his hips twitched.

With a hum, he worked his hand lower to find Hannibal’s erection trapped between his body and the sheets to start stroking him slowly.

It was slow and gentle, but eventually they both were too exhausted to do more than lie there and wait for his knot to deflate.

“Will?” Hannibal murmured at some point.

“Mmh?”

“I also bought the Alpha version.”

###

End Notes

Check out all my other ABO fics, if you like this!

that perfume actually exists [here](#)

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